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TATLER 12 AUGUST 1964



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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 253 / NUMBER 3285

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER



It's Amanda on the cover this week—Mandy to her friends and Miss Barrie to everyone else. We put her there because this issue is mainly concerned with an exploration into what is making people laugh these days. Amanda comes high on the list. She convulsed audiences in the recent revue *Six of One*, and then moved sunnily into a starring role in *She Loves Me*. She is a witty lady and a pretty lady, and if you think this is a rare combination, turn to page 302 where seven other funny and charming girls, who love laughter and have absolutely no desire whatsoever to play Lady Macbeth, are interviewed by J. Roger Baker

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IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER: the Scottish Number with colour pictures of houses in the Debateable Land, fashion from over the Border, news of Scottish personalities, and pictures of social events in Edinburgh and the Highlands

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Edinburgh Festival, 16 August—5 September.

Yateley Horse Show, Mont-eagle Farm, Yateley, nr. Camberley, 15 August. (Details, Mr. R. Hicks, Yateley 3365.)

Edinburgh Highland Games, 15 August.

Ascot Jumping Show, 12-15 August.

Frinton L.T.C. Gala Dance, 16 August.

Skye Highland Games, Portree, 20 August.

Lavant Horse Show, Hants, 22, 23 August.

Kensington Antiques Fair, Town Hall, Kensington, 27 August-10 September.

Scottish Festival of Music & Dancing, Braemar, 25 August; 1, 8, 15, 22 September.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Salisbury, Haydock Park, Catterick Bridge, today & 13;

Newbury, Stockton, 14, 15; Lewes, Wolverhampton, 15, 17; York, 18-20; Windsor, 19, 20 August. **Steeplechasing**: Newton Abbot, today and 13; Market Rasen, 13; Fontwell Park, 18 August.

CRICKET

Fifth Test Match: England v. Australia, the Oval, 13-18 August.

President of M.C.C.'s XI v. Australia, Lord's, 19-21 Aug.

GOLF

Pringle Professional Tournament, Carnoustie, 18-22 August. **Boys' International Matches**, Formby, Lancs, 14, 15 August.

MOTOR RACING

B.A.R.C. members' car races, Mallory Park, Kirkby Mallory, Leics, 19 July.

SAILING & REGATTAS

R.O.R.C. Santander-La Trinité race, 16 August.

Torbay Fortnight, 15-29 August.

Norfolk Sailing Week, Oulton Broad, 16-22 August.

Bournemouth Week; Falmouth Week, 17-22 August.

Bridlington Week, 22-29 August.

POLO

Taunton Tournament, 20-23 August.

Cirencester Tournament, 26-30 August.

TENNIS

Highland Lawn Tennis Championships, Pitlochry, 14 August.

County of London Championship Finals, Queen's Club, 15 August.

MUSICAL

Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, to 19 September. **City of London Band Concerts**, on the steps of St. Paul's, 12-2 p.m. R.A. (Woolwich), 13; R.A.F. Central Band, 20; Irish Guards, 27 August. **Orchestre Nationale de la Radio-Diffusion Française**, Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 23 August. **Victoria & Albert Museum**. Philomusica of London, cond. George Malcolm, 7.30 p.m., 16 August. (PRI 7142.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

Hittite Art, Royal Academy, to 6 September.

William Blake, Tate Gallery, to 6 September.

Contemporary British watercolours, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 20 August.

Britain in watercolours, F.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., to 29 August.

EXHIBITIONS

"The Growth of London." Victoria & Albert Museum, to 30 August.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 27 September.

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen, exhibition and market, Painswick, to 2 August.

"Shopping in Britain." Design Centre, Haymarket, to 29 August.

"The Adam Style in Furniture." Kenwood House, Hampstead, to 30 September.

SON ET LUMIERE

Hampton Court, in aid of the Lady Hoare Thalidomide Appeal, to 26 September. (HYD 6000.)

FIRST NIGHTS

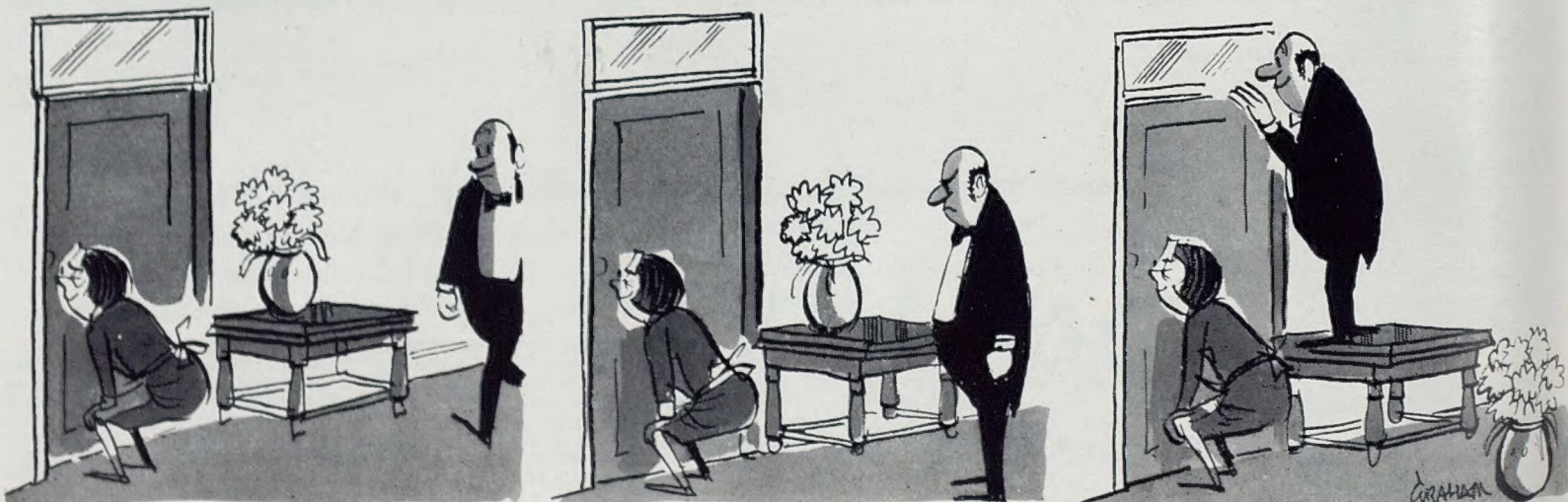
Drury Lane. *Camelot*, 19 August.

Aldwych. *The Murder of Marat*, 20 August.



David Weston, Jerry Verno and Richard Fraser in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, currently at the Mermaid Theatre

BRIGGS by Graham





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GOING PLACES

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table
Daphne's Restaurant, 112 Draycott Avenue, Chelsea. (KEN 4257.) Open luncheon and dinner; orders to midnight. Dinner only on Sundays. This new restaurant, quite small, elegant and original in its decor, smart in its clientele, also provides some of the best cooking in London. The soufflé of salmon trout was one of the best things I have eaten this year, as was their combination of ham, banana and a rich cheese sauce. The cooking is highly original, but this news will not surprise those who knew Meson Carlosi and Bistrot C'an Pau in Palma de Mallorca when Daphne Ainley ran them. She has the rare quality of being a creative cook, as her menu shows so clearly. The wine list is comparatively short, but of quality, and includes Sangria. I liked the original touch of raw vegetables with a piquant dip put on the table as an appetizer. Food and cooking of this high quality cannot be cheap, but nobody should regret about 30s. per head (without wine).

Quite a few good London restaurants are tending to get into a rut over their menus. Daphne's is a challenge to them. W.B.

Black Angus, 17 Great Newport Street (behind Leicester Square station). (TEM 5111.) This restaurant, of medium size, has a number of virtues. Both the chairs and banquettes are comfortable and made to fit the ample form. The decor is simple and unobtrusive and, though the staff seem to be constantly fascinated by what is going on in the street outside, they are quick and polite. The menu is straightforward and uncomplicated, based upon meat of really high quality—joints, chops and steaks of various sizes, which you can weigh if you wish. There is a sound and reasonably priced wine list, with a particularly sensible selection of French red wines, and nobody could complain about the cost. For 19s. 6d. I had a sizeable bowl of well-made cold Vichyssoise soup, a noble plateful of roast beef with vegetables and Yorkshire pud., and a tasty portion of apple pie, made in the proper



way with raised pastry in an oval dish. One other rather important virtue: if you are in a hurry you can be certain of getting your meal on time. W.B.

Wine notes

Two wines that have come to my notice lately seem to be really good value for money. One is a Hungarian white wine, from the vineyards of Pécs, near the Yugoslav frontier, and made from the Riesling grape. It is imported in bulk by Edouard Robinson and sold by them at 8s. 6d. per bottle under the name Pécs Magyar Riesling. The John Harvey group, Kettner's and Tyler's sell the same wine at about the same price, but under various names. The Army & Navy Stores have just introduced a full-bodied pleasant French red wine with the name *La Marque Rouge*. They are selling it at 6s. 6d. per bottle

TO EAT

or 78s. per dozen. Knowing how sound is the judgment of their wine buyer, Mr. Harcourt, I can commend it with confidence.

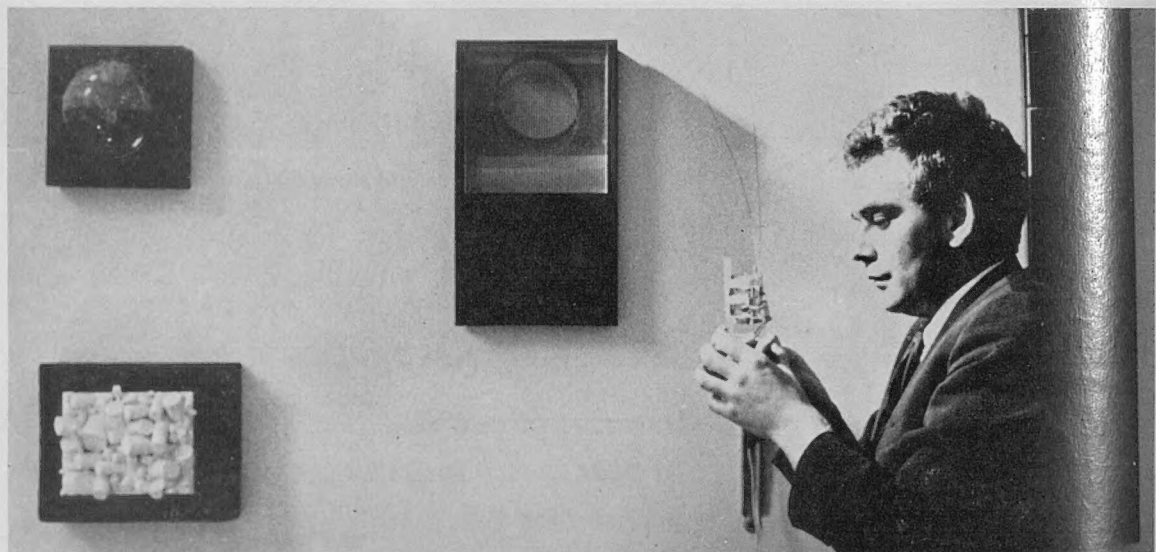
While sales of champagne keep rising in Britain, there has been a parallel rise in the consumption of sparkling wines. At a recent tasting arranged by Duthie, three comparative newcomers to our market were presented. All are sekt wines from the 100 year-old firm of Sohnlein Rheingold of Wiesbaden, and are their Furst v. Metternich at 24s. per bottle, Rheingold at 20s. and Cantor at 14s. 6d. All are most pleasant drinking with or without food. Among the other wines shown on this occasion, graced by the presence of M. André Simon, were four wines of 1962 of Lutter und Wegner's. For ordinary day-to-day drinking they seemed good value at 12s. 6d. per bottle.

. . . and a reminder

Trocadero, Piccadilly Circus. (GER 6920.) *Highest quality food, outstanding wine list and impeccable service at moderate cost. Open Sundays.*

ART IN INDUSTRY

The current exhibition of kinetic art at the Centre for Advanced Creative Study, 92 Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, is open to the public from 3 to 9 p.m. until 29 August. Mr. Paul Keeler (*top right*) is the director of the centre and wants to see the movement expand and forge a lasting link with industry, for the kinetic artists are interested in the discoveries of science and technology, and translate these into an art form so new that, as yet, their works have no other name than "objects." One of the centre's most urgent aims is to formulate the integration of architecture and kinetic art. 21-years-old David Medalla from the Philippines has two objects in the exhibition and is pictured (*bottom right*) with his sand machine, *Lament*. Mr. Medalla is one of 20 students now at the centre, but this number will be increased to 30 when new premises are opened in Wigmore Street this November. It will also then be possible to stage regular exhibitions of the students' work. Ten countries are represented in the present exhibition, but it is a strange and unaccountable fact that well over half of the kinetic artists in the world come from South America.



PHOTOGRAPHS: CLAY PERRY

GOING PLACES

One has no need to be tentative about describing the southern coast of Turkey; few shores of either Europe or Asia can match its beauty. Himalayan-looking peaks drop almost sheer into the Mediterranean near Antalya; the natural *hors d'oeuvre* of landscape to the east is born of completely different sets of climate: the snows; the pines and mountains; the little hills and olive groves; the lush cornfields, the orchards and the beaches—all are to be found within a section that runs but 20 miles inland. Spice these with the red-tiled peasant houses, the odd pencil of a minaret, the onion dome of a mosque, and you see what I mean.

Antalya, sheltered by its mountains, is secreted in a steep, rocky inlet, thick with subtropical flowers. It is a nice little market town that has remained totally unsophisticated. Down in the harbour, old men smoke hookahs and play backgammon beside the fishing boats. The timbered house tops lean together in a tangle of geraniums and wisteria. Wherever the streets are sufficiently level, horse drawn *carozzas* jingle along them. Everything smells of newly cut pinewood; every other shop not in business to sell sweetmeats or hardware seems to be a carpenter's. It is almost too picturesque to be believable, and it is all the more surprising that so little has been done about its hotels during these last four years of a travel boom which has by no means left Turkey untouched. The Teras, the one with the view, has a couple of splendid suites, but of the rest of its accommodation the less said the better. The simple little Park is less pretentious but more generally comfortable, and is operated by a friendly and likeable management.

The road between Antalya and Alanya is one I described four years ago as "tomorrow's riviera." Tomorrow is still on the way, and this remains instead a coast of yesterdays; of the Roman amphitheatre at Aspendos, and the Roman cities of Perge and Side, which was once a ribald, lawless slave market. Peasant families live in unexpected corners of its ruins,

in small clutches of huts, and their cows, goats and hens tread and nibble the fields of asphodel in its amphitheatre. This is country for picnicking and dreaming, and the coast gets even better towards Antalya's sister town of Alanya; I saw beach after empty beach with good sand and clear water, hedged in by grey stones and scrubs of thyme.

Alanya is heralded by an immense bluff of land, topped by a medieval fortress. Abandon your car in the market place, where Land Rovers wait to take visitors up the spiral stone path. You are greeted at the top by a maplike view over the Taurus and both coasts; children and peasant girls shriek in competition to thrust hand made lace mats and runners. Back in town, the Playa hotel, which looks rather like an abandoned casino, produced, as these hotels so often do, excellent and unusual food, such as a *pâté* made from spinach, garlic and yoghurt. The International Motel, where I stayed, is rather euphemistically named, but it faces the beach and its rooms are clean and pleasant. A simple but obliging lad thrust some twigs into the stove, scattered paraffin, put a match to it and stood back with a grin to watch it explode. Within half-an-hour there were hot baths for all. The following morning, the proprietor of the hotel (also the local doctor) filled the back of the car with lemons and oranges from his own orchard.

I have always been intrigued by the part of the southern Turkish coast which runs "round the bend" of the Mediterranean, up to the Syrian border and, lured by Iskenderum (once Alexandretta—oh, the fatal alchemy of names!) we set out for what, on the map, looked a reasonable road. The scarlet soil and heathery scrub, the young plantations of pine trees and a sandy road caused me to scribble in my notebook that it was not so bad as one might have expected; that the beauty of the landscape was surely worth the trip etc. Five hours later, I was sipping vodka and fresh orange juice in a fly-blown café in Anamur, the first and only town after a drive that is only about half the length of the Simplon Pass, but also half the



ABROAD

width, and mostly on a goat track. Still ringing in my ears was the sound of our motor horn as we crept round bend after bend; the barking of the creamy mountain dogs who spring out of the bushes to chase the car, and the shrieks of the children running down the hillside from heaven knows where, shouting "*Gazet! Gazet!*" Odd that in this wilderness, it is newspapers they want. In what? five years, maybe, this dangerous beauty of a road will be among the scenic sights of Asia Minor; one can even distantly imagine rest houses at which to spend the night, and some of the petroleum companies, notably B.P., already have plans for this in hand.

Beyond this, the part of the coast that is cut off by the Taurus mountains from the Western Mediterranean, the landscape flattens out. Along the roadside are scattered unexcavated Roman cities, and outcropping Crusader castles in whose grass-grown ruins Turkish youths play football. Beaches, beaches; on past Gilindere, once the Phoenician colony of Celenderis; through and on past Silifke (a seaport with an enchanting setting but nowhere to sleep) till we

arrived in Mersin, where suddenly there were city lights and a promenade; a hotel which felt, after 13 hours' travelling, like the Ritz, and a good restaurant. Given more time to spend (always the *cri de coeur* of Turkish travel), I would double back and explore again the coast within 50 kilometres of Mersin; roads along which we had had to belt in order to ascertain a bed for the night. News that Iskenderum, an important Turkish naval base, might be closed to visitors, caused me to abandon my onward quest, and to fly back to Istanbul from the nearby airport at Adana, still wondering what "round the bend" might have been like.

In fairness to the Turkish authorities, who are developing their Aegean coast around Izmir, and who have sponsored hotels at all the classical sites such as Troy and Ephesus, I must say that they do not yet expect visitors beyond the southern coast towns of Antalya and Alanya. The pleasure of Turkish travel is at least two parts adventure and needs a degree of pioneering spirit. But the southern winter climate is magnificent, and the rich rewards of the untrodden, plus the true hospitality of the Turks themselves, are there for those who seek them.

Pan American flights take just over four hours from London to Istanbul and cost from £99.12s.



The rocky peninsula of Alanya

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SUMMERTIME and the living is easy, especially if, like little James Henderson, you happen to be seated in agreeably warm and shallow water shaded by a weed-grown breakwater that also provides sheltered anchorage for a toy boat. James, three-year-old son of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Henderson, of Kensington, was down at Frinton in the high season for children's holidays. Betty Swaebe photographed him there and her further pictures overleaf support the theme of present laughter that's a feature of this week's sunshine *Tatler*. Muriel Bowen writes on page 289

SUMMERTIME

1 Jane, 9½-year-old daughter of racehorse trainer Mr. Fulke Walwyn and Mrs. Walwyn

2 Buried in sand by his 20-month-old sister, Sarah, is 3½-year-old James Cross. They are the children of the Rev. and Mrs. J. Cross of Maidenhead

3 Toting a gun with the best of them, Alan, 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Jay, and Basil, 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Goulondris of Grosvenor Square

4 Brother and sister, 3-year-old Amanda and 20-month-old Charles, children of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Harris

5 Busy filling their truck with sand are 3-year-old David and 5-year-old Joanna, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland





NEW VIEW OF THE PALACE

BY MURIEL BOWEN

Gardening enthusiasts attending the Buckingham Palace garden parties this year noticed that there has been a lot of recent planting. Notable are the flowering shrubs alongside the path that runs parallel to Grosvenor Place, while 34 Indian horse chestnuts planted three years ago are flourishing after a fine crop of spring blossoms. Guests noticed too with some dismay that yet another tall office block towers above Palace trees by several storeys. This is to be the new City Hall of Westminster but the City Fathers won't have their view indefinitely. The garden will regain much of its old seclusion when those Indian chestnuts reach their full height.

MR. WILSON'S QUEST

Some 24,000 people attended the three garden parties. At tea in the royal tea tent I saw VISCOUNT DE L'ISLE, v.c.; COUNTESS CAIRNS; LORD & LADY REA; Mr. & Mrs. TIMOTHY COLMAN; M. ALEKSANDR SOLDATOV, the Soviet Ambassador, and Mme. SOLDATOV; Mr. DENYS & the Hon. Mrs. RHODES; SIR JOSEPH SIMPSON, who runs London's police force, & LADY SIMPSON; and Mr. HAROLD WILSON, M.P., & Mrs. WILSON.

The Wilsons got separated from their relatives and Mr. Wilson set off on what looked like a forlorn mission to find them in the crowd. Mrs. Wilson looked surprised when he returned within ten minutes with them all in tow. The group included his father Mr. HERBERT WILSON, his sister Miss MARJORIE WILSON and Mrs. Wilson's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. CLIFFORD BALDWIN and their daughter ROSEMARY. One of the White Staves spotted them and introduced them to the Queen.

SIR ALEX PLAIN

Perhaps the bravest man at the garden party was Mr. JOHN CRONIN, Labour M.P. for Loughborough, who introduced cartoonist Mr. MICHAEL CUMMINGS to SIR ALEC & LADY DOUGLAS-HOME. Mr. Cummings' verdict: "I don't think I should meet my victims too often if they are as charming as Sir Alec—he completely captivated Annie (Mrs. CUMMINGS), she's a convinced Tory now."

I also saw Mr. PAUL GETTY; SIR PETER & LADY SCARLETT and their daughters, BELINDA and PETRONELLA; Mr. & Mrs. JOHN UDAL; the Hon. the Rev. ANDREW ELPHINSTONE & the Hon. Mrs. ELPHINSTONE and her daughter, Miss JENNIFER GIBBS; and EARL & COUNTESS GRANVILLE, who were off to Dublin a few days later to Luttrellstown Castle where her mother entertains so beautifully.

SIR FORDHAM FLOWER was there too and so were Mr. DAVID BRUCE, the U.S. Ambassador, & Mrs. BRUCE; the Hon.

ALEXANDRA CARINGTON; LADY COBBOLD; Mr. WALTER CORRIE; Mr. IAN PERCIVAL, M.P., & Mrs. PERCIVAL; the Hon. CATHERINE LYTTTELTON; Mrs. OLIVER SPANKIE, who is shortly expecting a baby; and SIR MALCOLM STODDART-SCOTT, M.P., & LADY STODDART-SCOTT, who told me that their daughter CAROLYN, who came out a few years ago, is touring Canada. She is such a keen politico that she is timing her return to hear Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, M.P., open the Tories' Yorkshire general election campaign in Harrogate on 12 September.

THE RAINS CAME

Halfway through the party's allotted span I saw VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS LEVERHULME striding purposefully towards the nearest gate. "It looks like a deluge—we're hoping to beat it," she told me. Others followed too late. Within 15 minutes lightning forked over the trees and rain fell heavily. Mrs. WIST-GREY, an American visitor who was with Mr. & Mrs. A. DICKSON WRIGHT, put a large polythene "hat" over her flowered hat and tied it with ribbon under her dress.

HOPES FOR TOKYO

With the Olympic Games within two months the show jumping at the Royal International Horse Show was the main talking point. "We'll choose the British team for Tokyo after the British Timken Show in September," COL. MIKE ANSELL, who is chairman of the six-man selection committee, told me.

Our great jumping hopes of a year ago seemed in ruins on the opening day of the Royal International. Mr. Softee and France were both lame. Merely-a-Monarch was put out of action for Tokyo by a court order. The light-limbed O'Malley was clearly tired after carrying the great weight of Harvey Smith to so many successes earlier in the season. To win the Nations Cup in such circumstances called for a lot of Dunkirk spirit. This wasn't lacking and that was precisely what we did. With the Italian supermen, the d'Inzeo brothers, clearly eclipsed, also the Americans on this occasion, hopes for Tokyo must be reasonably high.

DANGER FROM U.S.A.

Mrs. PETER ROBESON was naturally elated when her husband put up the best individual performance of the British team. A show jumper herself (as Renée de Rothschild) she has encouraged the slow, careful schooling of Firecrest now at his peak.

Though some of the familiar names were missing there were exciting new ones. I talked to ELIZABETH BROOME in the horsebox she preferred to stay in rather than go to a West End hotel where her bill would have been paid for her as she was a member of the British team. The horsebox was both more cosy and more convenient, she told me. With her mare Bess she won over £2,000 in prize money last year.

1 WEDDING IN SURREY

The marriage took place at St. Lawrence's, Chobham, Surrey, of F/Lt. David John Curry, only son of Mr. & Mrs. John Curry, of Martley, Worcestershire, and Miss Patricia Joan Elliot, younger daughter of Mr. Alexander and Lady Ann Elliot, of Broadford, Chobham, Surrey

1 The bride and groom on their return to the reception

2 F/O Michael Bush and Miss Gay Lindsay

3 Mrs. Simon Chick and Mr. Michael Sabine

4 David Hunter and Alexander Child-Villiers, two of the five pages, in the grounds of Broadford, the home of the bride, where the reception was held

5 Mr. Peter Barrett, who is the best man



AN EVENING OUT OF THE SADDLE

More than 800 guests attended the Hurlingham Polo Association Ball at the Hurlingham Club in Fulham. In the floodlit gardens there were two sideshows associated with polo and two bands played for dancing during the evening



2



4



3



5



1 Mr. Paul Withers, the leading British polo player, does a little unofficial practice on a wooden horse at one of the sideshows in the gardens

2 Sir Vivyan Naylor-Leyland, Bt., dancing with Miss Susan Aird

3 Mrs. N. F. Corbally-Stourton and Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh

4 Mrs. Robert de Pass and the Hon. Michael Hare, the Cowdray player

5 Sq. Ldr. and Mrs. A. L. Roberts. He plays polo at Ham

HAPPY 300TH BIRTHDAY IN THE CITY

The Lord Mayor of London received guests at Guildhall for the reception that celebrated the tercentenary of the Royal Marines

1 The Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Sir James Harman, greets Major-General & Mrs. R. D. Houghton

2 Mrs. W. H. Rice, whose husband is a Major in the United States Marine Corps, with General Wallace M. Green, Commandant of the U.S.M.C.

3 Mrs. M. E. W. Oelrich with General Sir John Westall, former Commandant-General Royal Marines. Mrs. Oelrich's husband is a Colonel in the American Marine Corps

4 Mrs. Wallace M. Greene and Colonel H. Poggemeyer, U.S. Military Attaché

5 Mrs. R. F. Cornwall and Colonel B. Lumsden. Mrs. Cornwall is the wife of Major-General R. F. Cornwall

6 Miss J. V. Cornwall with Lieut-Col. Victor Blom, a visiting officer of the Royal Netherlands Marine Corps

7 Mr. Francis Evans, Master of the Tallow Chandlers, with Colonel & Mrs. P. Harris

8 Lt.-General Sir Malcolm Cartwright-Taylor, Commandant-General Royal Marines, Mrs. R. A. Pigot, wife of Major-General R. A. Pigot, Chief of Staff, R.M., and Mrs. B. Lumsden





LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

A piece of granite from Braemar Castle, Aberdeenshire, will shortly be on its way to Edina, Minnesota, to be incorporated in a new golf clubhouse which is to be part of a Scottish community now being created there. Appropriately the clubhouse and its community will be called Braemar. Mrs. A. A. C. Farquharson of Invercauld, whose husband owns Braemar Castle, tells me that the spare masonry was available because a new door had recently been put in the castle.

She is particularly happy about the new community because its organizers want to incorporate a shop selling Scottish crafts. This will, in effect, be an extension of her Invercauld galleries which have for some years been a successful outlet for these.

Mrs. Farquharson has also had an inquiry about starting a similar shop in Pebble Beach, California.

In the meantime most of her energies are being devoted to the Invercauld Festival Theatre, where the drama fortnight is now in full swing. It lasts till 22 August and three plays by Scottish authors are being presented. They are Lesley Storm's *Roar Like a Dove*, *The Earl of Mar* by Charles Barron and *The Heir of Ardmally* by E. L. Stuart. The drama fortnight is followed by a Festival of Scottish music and dancing until 22 September.

A TIGHT SCHEDULE

About 80 French men and women, many of them teachers and doctors, from all parts of France, arrived in Edinburgh recently for this year's Congress of the Association France-Bretagne. Their object is to get to know Scotland as widely as possible in the space of about one week. As it was the first visit for many of them, the week was quite a hectic one. But: "I think they've been very happy," the French Consul-General in Scotland, M. Charles Renner, told me. He and his wife were hosts at a luncheon party to the visitors at which the guest of honour was the French historian and member of the Académie Française M. Jacques Chastenet. The emphasis was on Scottish fare—Scots salmon, but not haggis, said M. Renner.

They went on innumerable excursions—to the Trossachs, Abbotsford, Blair Atholl, Falkland Palace, and the Palace of Holyrood House where they were welcomed by the Earl of Wemyss & March, chairman of the National Trust for Scotland. They toured Edinburgh extensively, were given a civic reception, were the guests of members of the Franco-Scottish Society all over Midlothian and listened to lectures and saw films about Scotland. We can only hope that some of them will have been sufficiently inspired by what they saw and heard to come back and get to know us in a more leisurely fashion. J.P.





The three hour (daily) search of Osbert Lancaster

Angela Ince talks to the creator of Maudie Littlehampton

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It is 25 years since Osbert Lancaster first started producing pocket cartoons for the *Daily Express*. Since 1939, with a short pause during the war (he was attached to our Embassy in Athens in 1944 for two years) Mr. Lancaster has walked into the black glass and glitter *Express* building every afternoon round about 3.30. He sits in the middle of a sea of desks awash with typewriters, telephones, ashtrays, copy paper, newspapers and the bustle and confusions that attend the production of a national daily newspaper. The atmosphere he brings with him, though, is entirely his own. It is the atmosphere of padded leather armchairs, cigar smoke (actually he smokes Gauloises) and the witty gossip of an Edwardian club. "I don't know who started that old cliché about my being an Edwardian," says Mr. Lancaster, disgruntled (and in fact looking almost more Edwardian than one could believe possible). "It has no particular relevance." "Perhaps it's your striped shirts?" He looks down moodily. "Everyone has *them* nowadays." He thinks of the clubman label as being pretty much of a cliché too, though admits to belonging to four.

(St. James's, Pratt's, Beefsteak, Garrick.)

At 3.30 he sits down at his desk, wearing the gloomily abstracted air of one who must produce something funny to a deadline. He barks anxiously for tea; but by the time it has arrived the odds are he's off gossiping at the other end of the building. He enjoys gossiping enormously, is one of those people you feel you have let down if you haven't some fascinating nugget of information to produce. While the gossiping is going on, though, the cartoon mind is ticking over. "How long does it take you to think up a cartoon?" "As long as it ever took—the old three-hour search for something funny. They need it by 7 at the latest, but they start muttering about the Manchester Edition around 6.30. Of course some things are a gift—visual jokes like the topless dress, but I can't do any more on that subject—rather over-egging the pudding."

Maudie Littlehampton first appeared in the post-war years, grumbling wittily about petrol rationing, Lend Lease and fuel shortage winters; unlike most up-to-the-minute topical jokes, they are still very funny years later. But, says Mr. Lancaster, the early ones have to be sorted out carefully for publishing in book form; "some of them I don't understand myself—jokes about snoek, thinks like that." Since then Lady Littlehampton's two small children have grown up to become Jennifer and Torquil, a pair of terrifyingly sophisticated teenagers involved in CND, elopements, and deb parties. Maudie herself remains virtually ageless, though her comments, produced at the drop of a hat or a brick, are perhaps a thought more acid on, say, London's 1964 traffic than they used to be on Britain's 1950 petrol rationing. Maudie Littlehampton, though she looms large in nearly everyone's life these days, is just a part of Osbert Lancaster's activities. He recently did the decor and costumes for the Glyndebourne production of Rossini's *La Pietra del Paragone*, and is currently designing the costumes for the film *Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines*. Last year his autobiography *All Done From Memory* was published, last month an honorary Doctorate of Laws was conferred on him by Birmingham University. But fortunately for the rest of us, who would find the morning's news pretty grey without Maudie Littlehampton to digest it for us, he still has time for that old three-hour search.



"If we really want to rearm Germany, what's wrong with the old system of forbidding her to do it and looking terribly, terribly surprised when she does?"



"Personally, I think Sir Alec would be well advised to make sure of his own election before lending President Johnson a helping hand with his."



Above: Fiona Howard Bent with "sailor" Andy Healey, one of the band at Sally Yates' party. *Right:* a midnight plunge for the Hon. Petrina Mitchell-Thomson at Lindsay Cohen's dance at her Surrey home. *Opposite page, top:* Elizabeth Salm leads her guests out from her Dorchester dance for a breath of night air in Hyde Park. From left are Miss Salm, Duncan McLaren, Sue Lamdin, Andrew Carmichael, Roberta Cunningham Reid and Charles de Westenholz. *Far right:* Rosemarie Coxon arrives for a Guinea party in the back of Hugh Taylor's car. The Guinea parties are run for charity three or four times a year, the Shake parties are subscription affairs run by friends of The Band of Angels—the Old Harrovian pop group

The scene is different each night, the action no less varied. For debutantes in the swinging 60s the pace is hectic and grows faster yet as the sands of summer dwindle. The young ones arrive for the Guinea parties and the Shake parties in fast cars and wearing the gay, off-beat clothes best suited to the serious business of having fun. And the fun is where you find it, whether at a night club, tenpin bowling, dancing on the lawn in Hyde Park or a midnight plunge—if there's no pool handy, the fountains at the Dorchester will serve. But no sooner is a fashion set than it is discarded. Last season's clothes are much older than last year, the Twist is long abandoned, but there's a new twist to the Shake which has been tamed and toned down to a personalized gyration on which everyone can work out his own variation. TOM HUSTLER took his camera along to some of the scenes and photographed a good deal of the action. He reports that there's no let-up in sight just yet and if anybody does take time out to sunbathe quietly on a penthouse roof it's only to recoup her forces and work up a home-grown suntan for the hot season at St. Trop



the scene



and the action



Above, from left: the young ones are quick to seize upon the latest styles and Lea Wild chooses white socks with a white dress to dance with Andrew Maconie. Barefoot Shake for Sarah Rampling and boots for partner David Arrigo. Caroline Burt wears tights and a T-shirt to a Guinea party with Alexander Macmillan. Judy Foote holds the floor with her version of the new Shake. A contrast in clothes as Mike Gross and Ann Dunhill, and Sue

Geldard and Richard Roscoe dance to the pop group, A Band of Angels. Below: addressing invitations to a Guinea party need not be a sombre, formal affair. Chairman of the committee was Mrs. Peter Govett, seated left. Back row, from left: Jan Fairrie, Vicky Cameron, Penny Mander, Sara Ruffer, Lady Whitmore, Jane de Laszlo and Stephanie de Laszlo. Kneeling around the coffee table: Carol Warman, Miranda Versen and Vicki Hodge





Below: when Sara Ruffer took a party of friends bowling, the manager of the ABC Bowl at Acton gave them a private 20-minute lesson so that they hurt neither themselves nor the alleys, which cost £6,000 each. Jane Brassey, Sara Ruffer and Toni Clifford Wolff aim for a strike while Fiona Mackeson, Ainslie Marland and Charlotte Chenevix-Trench wait in the background. The only person to get bruised was the photographer!

Bottom left: Sally Yates managed to persuade the Master Mariners to allow her to have a dinner-dance aboard *HQS Wellington*, permanently moored by the Victoria Embankment. It was the first time a dance had ever been held on board. *Bottom right:* debutante with a full diary is Sarah Gilbert who travels around London on the latest Moulton Special bicycle. She helps promote no less than six pop groups and manages three dances a week



Confessions of a humorist

Basically the funny thing about being a humorous writer, or any other kind of humorist for that matter, is that humour is an *art*, just like poetry or painting, but nobody wants to know this, and quite right too. Any good funny piece should look as though the man who wrote it was doing something else, really serious and manly, such as fishing or building a dynamo for export, when suddenly he got this idea and, howling with laughter, rushed upstairs and scribbled it down in five minutes. If it doesn't *look* like this it's no good.

I myself believe that there is a Platonic Form of humour, just as there is of beauty or truth or justice; an ideal, pure humour. Somewhere out there is the Perfect Joke, the ultimate ground and justification for our wandering human efforts to capture the marvel of laughter (a lot of grim and serious people nowadays are only prepared to license laughter if it is harnessed to useful social work, that is if it is used in satire, to point up various kinds of social indignation, whether phony or sincere. If they think *that's* all there is to defining the great *It* of laughter let me tell them they've got about as much chance of putting an angel in a match-box).

Now there is something so *immediate* about laughing, an actual physical response, that no one wants the anticlimax of being reminded that any thought or calculation or art went into making whatever it was that caused the laughter. I once saw an illustrated feature in some American magazine called *The Creative Agony of Arthur Miller*; there were a lot of pictures of the Master, fists pressed against contorted

brows, in various attitudes of gestation. Nobody wants to know about the creative agony of Paul Jennings; and, as I observed above, quite right too.

If there is this understandable resistance to the idea that humour is an art, therefore, many people can only conclude that anyone who keeps *on* writing funny things is a fribble, a lightweight person who ignores the tragedy and horror of the world (and presumably never has any in his own private life, no one ever dies or gets ill); thus while applauding what he produces they are quite often uneasy, irritated, or perhaps actually hostile in his actual presence (of course I don't mean his presence in a group of personal friends—even humorists have friends—but in any public gathering where he is present as a kind of official joker).

Not always, naturally. Sometimes they all laugh. I am often rung up by the secretaries of debating societies who say, apologetically, that they are rounding off their season with a "light-hearted" meeting (how I have come to dread the word "light-hearted"!), and would I be kind enough... If this is the Oxford Union, where they can still laugh, or the Cambridge Union (I remember a very jolly occasion there when Bernard Bresslaw and I debated "That this House would rather be idle"), where they laugh but rather less, and there is always someone who gets up and makes a passionate speech about the class system, no matter what the debate is about, this is all very well. But too often they either have some local joker who is very much funnier than I am, and only has to make some remark about old Sam Somebody to

have them on the floor; or else there is a curious desire to put the humorist in his place, and make the debate very unlighthearted indeed.

Early this year there was a "light-hearted" debate at the University of London Union on the motion "That this House does not care who wrote Shakespeare" and the speakers invited were Cyril Fletcher and myself. Ha, I thought, I'll do some work on this. As a matter of fact I was one of the few speakers of the evening who did have an actual thesis (it was that Shakespeare, knowing very well that an ever-increasing army of pedants and researchers would arise, far more interested in cryptograms and homosexuality and just sexuality and politics and historical conundrums and academic chauvinism—"Shakespeare must have been at a university"—than in mere poetry, purposely left his life an undocumented mystery to occupy these people while the rest of us got on with enjoying his work).

I therefore decorated this thesis with some merry jokes. At one point, speaking of the world renown of Shakespeare, I presented that splendid abuse of Oswald by Kent in *Lear* ("a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave," etc.) in German. It sounds hysterical:—

Ein schurke bist du, ein halunke, ein niederträchtiger, eitler, hohler, betörender, dreiröckiger hundertpfündiger schmutziger grobstrümpfiger schurke, ein eilchlebriger ohrfeigen einsteckender schurke, ein lüderlicher spiegelgaffender verdienstfertiger geschniegelter taugenichts, etc.

There is also Pikto, a world language made out of English, French, German



Oddly enough it's not so easy to be funny at the drop of a hat or the crunch of a deadline, writes PAUL JENNINGS, author of The Observer's delightful *Oddly Enough* column

and Russian roots (I can't go into it now, but I assure you there is), and I had a bit from *Macbeth* in this. Part of it went

Optu, optu, abreviati waxilumin!

(Out, out, brief candle!)

Viva bi solo marchin opiluminform, un oprichi dramaktmi

(Life's but a wandering shadow, a poor player)

Kel parademarchin and nervemotin divitem on ti dramaplatform

(That struts and frets his hour upon the stage)

And tatam bi orin no plus. It bi un falsanekdot

(And then is heard no more. It is a tale)

Instruktet por an idiot, fuli di akustik and furi

(Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury)

Signifin noting

(Signifying nothing)

The grammar may be a bit shaky and I had to make up my own accent, since I have never been to Piktoland, but I promise you I looked up all the words in the Pikto dictionary.

As you see, I did some work to make it funny. Cor, talk about dying the death! It was just the same with old Cyril (he didn't even have a thesis, he just began a beautiful cabaret act with "I rise to speak with mixed feelings. You know what mixed feelings are, a man seeing his mother-in-law driving his new car over a cliff"). All those undergraduates seemed to be about *thirty*, and one after another they rebuked us for treating a great subject frivolously. The only one that wasn't thirty came to the microphone in his overcoat and read a long script about the beauty of Mozart's operas. One of the thirty-men made a

passionate attack on Shakespeare because he was box-office, and called on us to boycott him. "Every time you go to Shakespeare," he said, with total apparent seriousness, "you are adding to the neglect and frustration of your student actors, and student actresses, and, above all, student playwrights, in this University."

That great and good man Thurber said in his last book *Lanterns and Lances*, "the true balance of life and art, the saving of the human mind as well as of the theatre, lies in what has long been known as tragicomedy, for humour and pathos, tears and laughter are, in the highest expression of human character and achievement, inseparable." He also said that the humorous writer, surrounded by his more serious brethren, does get this feeling that he is unreal, that he is being followed by little men 18 inches high or that he will meet himself coming round a corner; and of course if one does live, professionally, by formalizing laughter one does sometimes have this feeling that one is shouting against the wind on a cliff, no one can hear.

Sometimes I can only point at things and make no comment, since no comment would improve on them. A notice at London Bridge station says UPSTAIRS FOR UNDERGROUND, one at Kingston says (OR USED TO) TO THE CREMATORIUM. PEDESTRIANS ONLY. There is an actual book of statistics called ADULT POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM BROKEN DOWN BY AGE AND SEX.

Sometimes, making a more subjective comment on the comedy or tragicomedy of things, I get the feeling no one can believe that anyone would go to this

trouble, therefore it must be meant seriously. Once I did a piece about "Bodderly's Household Noises," in which the man Bodderly, having started by inventing a simple Thumping Machine which could be left in an empty house to convince burglars there was someone at home, found himself developing more and more complicated improvements until he was head of a vast firm, from which you could buy anything from the Bijou Domestic Bump and Tinkle Set to the "Kountrihouse" Ball Set (with Orgy Attachment). Well, someone wrote to ask if he could handle the German end of the business, someone wrote to ask if he could have a Bijou Domestic Bump and Tinkle Set, but was there a battery-operated model since they lived in the country and there was no mains; and a girl from the Ideal Home Exhibition telephoned to ask if I could tell them any more about the Bodderly exhibit (in which an electric eye caused a darkened house to burst apparently into amazing life, full of music, dancing, laughter, lights and shouting).

I did a piece about the *real* meanings of English place-names (e.g. *wembley*, suffering from a slight *malaise*, as in "I feel a bit wembley this morning"; *kenilworth*, a beggarly or trifling amount, as in "he left her nobbut a kenilworth in his will"; *thirsk*, a desire for vodka) and someone wrote to say that he had always been interested in derivations of our English place names, but these were all new to him and could I state the authority on which I based them?

Never mind, as long as we can make some of the people laugh some of the time...





The image of the English comedienne is changing. Once, to be accepted as funny, she had to be over 50 and look rather strange. She derived from Mrs. Malaprop and Lady Bracknell rather than from Lydia Languish or Gwendoline, and picked up more than a touch of the pantomime dame en route. Now the air is bright with witty, pretty young ladies whose reply to the inevitable question is

Lady Macbeth? you're joking, of course!

Interviews: J. Roger Baker / Photographs: Anthony Crickmay

AMANDA GRINLING (left) wrapped herself up in a beach tree, pouted at the camera and managed to look like a demure Victorian miss who knows far more than she ought. "I love comedy and really do like playing it more than anything else. It's supposed to be more difficult than serious roles but I find it comes easily." She has a perky, ingenue face, stunning eyes and moves with a precise elegance. She claims her penchant for comedy was revealed at R.A.D.A. when she played in Dryden, though her very first foray was actually at school when she gave her Peter Quince, later graduating to Gwendoline in *The Importance*, a part she still loves. Amanda's experience in comedy is already wide: after R.A.D.A. she did repertory work in Glasgow and Sheffield ("playing ingenue parts") and later at Windsor. She did a double part in Peter Ustinov's *Photo-Finish* ("one episode was 1930s, the other much earlier so it was all quite fun") and recently toured in farce with Brian Rix. Of farce she says: "It is fast and light which I like, but women are just stooges in it. I prefer the literary type of comedy . . . Shaw, Wilde and Restoration." Amanda is currently collecting batches of splendid notices for her appearances in Shaw and Otway with Toby Robertson's company touring the university towns

BARBARA WINDSOR (right) is the prototype of the little Cockney bird: bouncy, giggly, with two tiny feet planted firmly on the hard, wide earth. A touching quality of tenderness refines her image and points up her gaiety. As Rosie in *Fings ain't wot they used t'be* she set the eyes of the male section of the audience out on stalks and blasted a pathetic little song with raucous wonder. Americans loved her in the film *Sparrows Can't Sing* and will see her soon in the Broadway production of *Oh What a Lovely War*. But before that comes a frontal attack on Shakespeare with Doll Tearsheet in *Henry IV* for the Edinburgh Festival. "Joan Littlewood's arranging it—it's got to get past the Lord Chamberlain. I don't know about Doll, I think she's probably a little Rosie out of *Fings*." Born in Bethnal Green, Barbara went into show business early, doing pantomime, then cabaret and a short-lived Cranko revue: "I went on and saw all this gear lying about the stage—people were throwing things." Then came the association with Theatre Workshop, the TV series *The Rag Trade* and films: she has, much to her own surprise, danced a *paso doble* with John Gilpin. A director once told her she was too young and pretty to be funny. Barbara said: "Nonsense dearie," and has proved him wrong ever since



AMANDA BARRIE (*below*) is torn for revenge as anyone who saw her portrayal of a desperately unsuccessful conjuror's desperately gay assistant in the recent *Six of One* would agree. "Originally I wanted to be a great big ballerina, but as I always seemed to be the swan at the end making faces at the audience it didn't work out." During seasons of pantomime and concert party shows, Amanda discovered she tended to be accident prone—awful things happened to her on stage—so she decided to turn this to advantage and opted for intentional comedy. "I made faces in *On the Brighter Side*, and let the Goons tip garbage over me on television." Ultimately she landed the second comedy lead in *Six of One*. One week she faced the hair-raising task of standing in for Dora Bryan—"the audience sat there with poisoned arrows"—but Amanda survived and won lots of new fans. After that show ended, Amanda assumed the role of Iona in *She Loves Me* ("They said I couldn't have my name in green neon like Rita Moreno's was, and did I mind. Well, I've never even had my name up in matchsticks...") and at the same time has been filming the title role in *Carry on Cleo*. She would like to tackle a comedy role in a straight play, a desire that stems from her intense admiration for Kay Hammond: "She can be funny and feminine at the same time, she's elegant, the top of high comedy at its best."





JOSEPHINE BLAKE (*left*) is the statuesque, glamorous, blonde torch singer in the Mistinguette tradition. The dress glitters and clings, the arms have a choreography of their own, the voice burns. "At school I was always the dreamy one staring out of the window imagining myself a ballerina. Soon it was obvious I was going to be too tall for ballet and thought it wouldn't work. Suddenly modern dancing came in and this was me. I love dancing, a fast modern routine and any worries I may have vanish." After touring in *Kiss Me Kate*, a spot of pantomime and a show with Al Read, came *Kismet* ("I spent half my life in that show and came out feeling like an old woman"). Then Josephine found her place in cabaret, playing a wide selection of London night clubs. "It's tricky in cabaret; you are either up there at the top or just doing a routine. You have to make the customers sit up." Last year she went into *How to Succeed in Business* playing a bespectacled, sardonic secretary "That was the first time I'd been accepted in my own right as an actress as well as a singer. I would love to play the full musical lead now—singing, dancing and the comedy." Now the musical has finished, Josephine is realizing another ambition ("to get on the little box") by doing a series of programmes for television. She is also considering a revue offer and meanwhile doing her regular evening show at the Embassy Club

LIBBY MORRIS (*centre left*) makes an overt bid for laughs by pulling faces. But to emphasize this aspect of her technique would be to underestimate the sheer style and polish of one of the most engaging comedy spots on the late night scene. Her face can slip from slightly noble, slightly Victorian repose into a gargoyle grimace or a grin of pure wickedness. And the lady can sing: her voice is capable of similar contrasts, curdling a cool legato into a chilling snarl or a belt that out-mermans Merman. Using these visual and aural contrasts, Libby packed the Establishment in the early hours of the morning delivering a group of songs at least one of which she has, as she says, always *hated*. She sent them up and interspersed the most fragrant lines with sardonic comments of her own: "Say, everybody, look at my sugar cake." Libby has been in this country for nine years—she is Canadian—and has acquired a small, but devoted, following through constant appearances on television. Now the following is wider and growing rapidly. She has a weekly TV show, *Don't Say a Word*, goes to New York next month for a couple of television spectacles, and a West End management is planning a show around her. Her current idols are Lena Horne, Marlene Dietrich and her imaginative five-year-old daughter

HEATHER CHASEN has generally been cast as "upper crust, sophisticated unfaithful ladies," a type she is currently doing to perfection in *A Severed Head*. But Antonia in that play is no stereotype, and to the role Heather brings a detached cool wit and a sense of timing she possesses in reality—in between offering home-made parsnip wine and posing for photographs she managed to ad lib a scene with a man from the G.P.O. that was practically vintage Coward. "I went to school in Malaya where my father was in charge of a museum, then came to England and went to a rather grand girls' public school. They suggested I went on to R.A.D.A. And I did . . . for one glorious term . . ." Then came a stint of repertory and she toured in various plays including quite serious numbers like *The Maids* of Genet. Two years ago she thoroughly enjoyed being Helena in Regent's Park ("Heather gave us all a sense of sophistication off-stage" commented manager David Conville). During the long run of the Iris Murdoch play Heather is learning to sing and dance, with hopes of going into a musical. "What I really would adore to play is the tough lady in a Western—not the simpering heroine . . . I'd also like to do Beatrice in *Much Ado*, it's a deliciously funny part"



ERICA ROGERS is the ingenue with edge: how else could she play the younger self of Coral Browne in *Bonne Soupe*. For Erica, all the clichés become truths—pretty as paint, happy as a sandboy. She was a sweet-as-pie 17-year-old when she arrived from South Africa to study at R.A.D.A. Bright as a button, she tackled everything that came her way—provincial rep., a spot of cabaret ("rather sexy songs") and a countrywide tour of a play that never made the West End. Merry as a grig she did a St. Trinian's film and some television programmes including a notable episode of *The Saint* series. From it all she emerged fresh as a daisy. "I enjoy playing comedy, I love being light, gay and witty. There's a rather gloomy atmosphere in a theatre during a serious play." This year Erica hit the headlines again when she appeared in *No Strings*, in which she played a light-as-a-feather French girl wearing a sweater and tights and talking fast impeccable French. "I really do enjoy doing musicals best—for me music, dancing and liveliness mean the theatre." Next month Erica returns to her native South Africa to appear at the Johannesburg Festival when she plays the central figure in Arthur Miller's controversial, autobiographical play *After the Fall*.



ANN BEACH could have been the only four-foot-eleven Brunnhilde, but decided not, instead becoming one of the most versatile actresses around. Her appearances have been so varied she is impossible to classify and anyway doesn't want to be typed. "I like variety. All one's previous experience goes into the part one is currently playing." For her appearance in Joan Littlewood's brilliant production of *The Hostage* she disguised her youth so effectively that agents were requesting the services of this 45-year-old comedienne they'd seen. She ate chips with everything to fatten up for Billy Liar's orange-munching girl friend, and proved her revue agility in Stephen Vinaver's inspired *Twists*; she gave her Hermia in *The Dream* for the Royal Shakespeare Company and earlier this year was seen as a carefully interpreted Masha in the English Stage Company's *The Seagull*. Ann went to R.A.D.A. to study operatic acting and emerged doing straight work. Though she has a number of tempting offers it is television and film work she wants to do now: "I want to bring stage technique to television playing and be able to bring television techniques to the stage." She has done bits of cabaret, notably an off-the-cuff three hour show for an audience of schizophrenics, managing to get some patients, hitherto completely introverted, up on the stage singing with her. Deep thinking and basically serious, Ann can guy early Verdi and discuss modern paintings (which she collects) play the guitar and design furniture.



Today-happy weather-beam



Summer is a goin' out and now's the time to check on your winter wardrobe. Chances are you'll be the first to laugh at the stormy blasts if you find yourself investing in one of the new anti-weather coats, which, with their great Dietrich-inspired shapes, their insulating linings and their stark masculinity, are designed to take all floating feminine voters by storm. Unity Barnes splashes out on a bright new wave of coats set fair to beat the wind and weather. Pictures by David Montgomery.

Almost every known device for keeping the rain out has been added to this creamy gaberdine trenchcoat with its own slotted belt, storm tabs, buckled cuffs and epaulettes. By Royal Blizzand, 13½ gns. at Simpson; Fenwick, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Barrance & Ford, Brighton. Mock ponyskin helmet by Edward Mann, £1 5s. 11d. at Fenwick. Chocolate stretch trousers by Gor-Ray, £3 9s. 11d. at John Barker, Kensington. Wellingtons by Dunlop, £1 5s. 11d. Lilley & Skinner, Oxford St



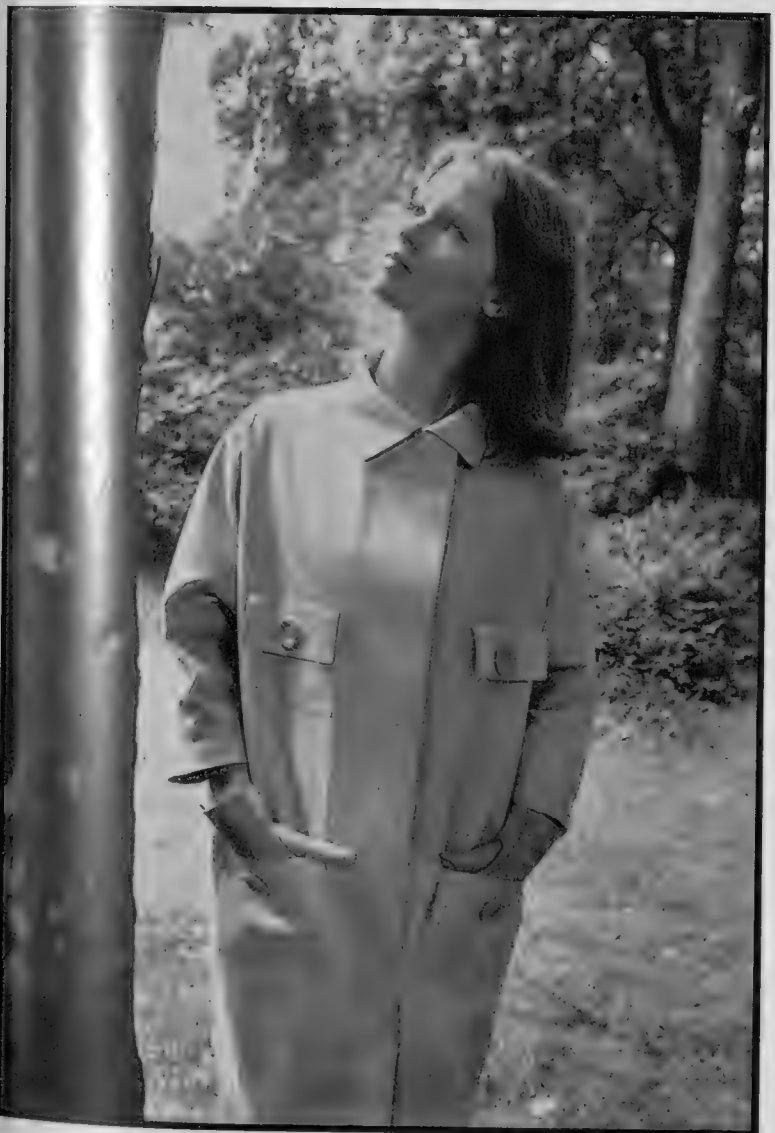


Above right: designed by Cardin, a mandarin-collared raincoat in mushroom poplin with a clinging drawstring waist and two flap pockets. By Jupiter, Paris, 22 gns. to order from them at 93 New Bond Street, W.1 and available at the University Shop, Bournemouth. Sandy turban by Dolores, £1 15s. 6d. at Galeries Lafayette. Right: military look for a deep olive trenchcoat with flapped breast pockets and Tricel quilted lining. Fontana by Pakamac, 8½ gns. at Jones & Higgins, Peckham, S.E.15; Lewis's, Bristol. Scarlet leather beret by Dolores, 5 gns. at Galeries Lafayette. Gloves by Fownes. Opposite page: big fleecy collar and bright checked lining insulates this clotted cream gaberdine storm coat with fly front, knotted belt and huge patch pockets. By Rydbeck, 15 gns. at Woollands 21 Shop, available in September









Far left: double-breasted trenchcoat in stone-coloured Terylene and cotton has buckled cuffs, storm tabs and belt. By Morcosia, 9½ gns. at Dickins & Jones; Treron, Glasgow. Black, white and tan houndstooth helmet reverses to rainproof nylon. By Edward Mann, £1 17s. 6d. at Fenwick. Above left: Balenciaga-inspired raincoat in bronzed iridescent poplin has set-away collar, neat rounded outline. 25 gns. at Aquascutum, available at the end of August. Amber peaked cap by Mariflex, £2 19s. 6d. at Harrods. Left: four buttoned square pockets and fly fastening on a soft grey poplin raincoat designed by Fabiani for Margray, 28 gns. at Harrods



Wind-proof bush jacket in deep mahogany corduroy with bound collar and edges, cutaway front. By Baracuta, 7½ gns. at Sydney Smith, Chelsea; Gilpin Bros., Belfast. White silk and wool scarf by Richard Allan, £1 9s. 11d. at Marshall & Snelgrove



There's nothing too serious on this week's Counterspy page, though all the items are reasonably covetable and most have a sense of humour that's not entirely tongue in the cheek. If you're in the mood to buy amusing expendables you could make a happy start with the Oh Boy! fairground sign or the golden grasshopper (centre) that once used to hang above a branch of a bank. Both items come from Dodo, 185, Westbourne Grove; the sign costs £4 10s., the grasshopper £60. Compulsive savers could find a use for the brass bank with a carrying handle—it's a replica of a charity box from an Italian church and costs 5 gns. at Regali, Cadogan Place. From Presents of Dover Street come flowers and soaps in a basket at £3 2s. 6d., a book of rose-topped matches (they cost 8s. 6d. a set) and a lighter that's shaped like an outsize pencil point at 12 gns. There's an outsize candle too though it's hard to recognize, being mounted in ormolu with a thistle top, a ring handle and a smart ribbon bow, price £8 12s. 6d., at Halcyon Days, 14, Brook Street, W.1. Miniscule offerings include a Daisy pin box with a velvet cushion centre, 3 gns. from Regali, a pearl and turquoise ring tree, £7 10s., and a paperweight that spins a coin to make decisions for you, £3 17s. 6d., both at Halcyon Days who also have the enamel strawberry that stands on its own feet and conceals another lighter, £7 17s. 6d. There's a lighter too that looks like a key (foreground) 79s. 6d. at Regali. Finally there's a silver ice bucket that's a Florentine antique, look for it top right, just above the grasshopper's head, price 32 gns. at Regali. Oh, and by the way, if you find a tendency to see things twice it's because photographer Sandra Lousada took her picture against a mirror. **COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON**



Present laughter expressed in the person of the great French mime Marcel Marceau currently in a four-week season at the Adelphi

on plays

Pat Wallace / *The cursed lust of gold*

Mr. Peter Shaffer's play, *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, is by any account the best new play of the season, possibly of the year. Those whose dislike for the road A3 is equalled only by their reservations about the

road A286 will be hoping that the production will eventually be brought to the National Theatre in London. At present it is playing at Chichester in that splendid octagonal theatre from every seat of which one

has a good view of the big open stage. At first there is a little shock of strangeness in seeing a stage that is not contained within a proscenium arch and, indeed, not every play is ideally suited to this kind of treatment. But for *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* the arrangement is ideal and not only allows free and fluid movement but effects which rely on dramatic grouping rather than on scenery.

The period of the play is from

1529 to 1533; its setting is mainly in the Upper Province of the Inca Empire or what is now part of Ecuador and Peru. An expedition under the command of Pizarro has come from Spain to conquer the Incas, not so much from territorial ambition but in order to lay hands on the unimaginable treasure of gold which the Incas are known to possess. They mine it in apparently unending quantities and, since it is a soft metal

and alloys are unknown to them, they use it for purely decorative ends, making huge jewelled panels of it, sheeting wood and stone and, in the case of the Sovereign Inca, robing himself in gleaming plaques of the metal. Pizarro has enrolled his relatively small force with the understanding that they are to share in the booty. None of them has a dream of mighty conquest beyond this purpose and he has made it clear to them all that their physical sufferings on the way will be savage and continuous. They are undeterred. What Virgil called "the cursed lust of gold" keeps them moving forward through steamy jungles and up precipitous mountains until finally they come to a city of the Incas and into the presence of the king.

As this monarch Mr. Robert Stephens gives what is un-

doubtedly the performance of his career so far: subtle, strong, with a sort of wild innocence that is tremendously authoritative and without naivety. Mr. Colin Blakely plays Pizarro with the limping coarseness of the man who was a gutter knight and with the power that made Pizarro the conqueror he was. For all the splendour of its production and the ramifications of its plot, this play depends fundamentally on the confrontation of these two characters: the Inca with his old civilization which included a 16th-century version of the Welfare State and a knowledge of irrigation still respected today, and the brutal but yet perceptive Pizarro who recognizes a kinship, yet knows that he will kill the sovereign.

"You inherited your honour," says Pizarro. "I had to root for mine like the pigs." Yet the

men can communicate with each other, if through an interpreter and, to an extent, form a friendship. This to the last moment when the Inca is imprisoned, stripped and finally murdered while the lights go down on Pizarro lying by the Inca's dead body, still crooning and babbling into deaf ears.

Pizarro throughout is bedevilled by the presence of a Royal Overseer, an ineffectual but tormenting spy for the Spanish king, and by the Dominican chaplain to the expedition whose ideas of Christian conversion for the "savages" are as cruel as Pizarro's stratagems for conquest. He achieves this and a fabulous treasure of gold which he orders to be melted down from the existing works of art to lumpish bars of metal. Pizarro has ended the Inca Empire, destroyed their ancient

civilization, killed them by tens of thousands and is a victorious commander. The play nevertheless—indeed inevitably—ends in tragedy as Pizarro's own death is foreshadowed and he is left to utter loneliness.

This is a splendid play. There are some moments of spectacular stagecraft, of brilliant colour and shine, of strange haunting sounds beyond the range of ordinary speech and a constantly renewed flow of physical action. But I think it will be remembered and revisited chiefly because of the playwright's masterly establishment of two men seen not as remote historical figures but as two dominating and, in the exact meaning of the word, extraordinary characters whose tragic confrontation altered a part of the world and a part of its future.

on films

Elspeth Grant / Grim parable

Mr. Peter Brook tells us that after three months' work on the actual filming of Mr. William Golding's vastly disturbing novel, *Lord of the Flies*, he had enough material for 60 hours of unbroken screening. You will be relieved to hear that, a year's editing (by Messrs. Brook and Gerry Feil) has reduced the running time to a most apt 91 minutes. At the risk of seeming ungrateful, I suggest the film could be pruned still further: there are too many shots of rustling, lush, fey undergrowth and moments when the eye of the camera puzzles and the screen is filled with what looks like frog-spawn.

Doubtless these are intended to suggest blinding tropical sunshine and to emphasize the steamy, jungle atmosphere of the desert-island setting, but I could have done without some of them. After all, it's the party of 40 English schoolboys stranded there with whom we are concerned: the environment is admittedly important but, once it has been established, we should be able to give our undivided attention to the deterioration of most of the boys into a bunch of little savages.

I regard Mr. Golding's story as a parable: it is really about people, not children. The group of choristers—uniformed, regimented and dominated by the head choirboy, Jack (Master Tom Chapin)—represent the Nazi mentality. Ralph (Master James Aubrey) stands for the decent man, opposed to mob-

rule: the party's elected leader, he is usurped by a power-sick tyrant.

Piggy, the fat, bespectacled boy (Master Hugh Edwards, remarkably convincing) typifies the sober, middle-class fellow who would like to believe, despite evidence to the contrary, that law and order must prevail and that crime doesn't pay—and Simon (Master Tom Gaman), the thoughtful child, represents the idealist and the seeker after truth, doomed, of course, to be the first victim of the corrupted mob.

Under Jack's vicious leadership, the choristers develop a fierce blood-lust: the younger and weaker boys, intimidated, join them in killing their first pig—the severed head of which, stuck on a spike and soon swarming with flies, is like a symbol of evil triumphant.

The choristers, further to terrorize their followers, invent a legendary Beast which, they say, balefully haunts the place in search of prey—and when Simon returns from exploring the island to refute the legend, they kill him. "That," says Ralph grimly to Piggy, "was murder." But Piggy, who can't even bring himself to speak the word, demurs: "It wasn't . . . what you said . . . it was an accident."

It is certainly no accident when poor, myopic Piggy, whose spectacles have been stolen for use as a burning-glass, is destroyed: as he stands at the foot of a cliff looking up

at his tormentors with unseeing eyes, a boulder is deliberately hurled down upon him. The mob—now a tribe of screaming, near-naked savages, daubed with mud for war-paint—decide to murder Ralph: setting fire to the underbrush and yelling ritual cries, they hunt him across the island to the beach where . . .

But I will leave you to discover the *deus ex machina* for yourselves: thank goodness, there is one—or one would go away from this strange and compelling film fairly sick at heart. Mr. Brook has handled the boys miraculously well. They don't act: they just are boys—incipient men, in whom the seeds of good and evil germinate early, under hot-house conditions. If you have young sons of your own, you may be shaken by the film—but you need not despair: as long as the Ralphs survive, there's hope for this old world yet.

M. Jean-Pierre Mocky's latest, and I think most beguiling, film, *Un Drôle de Paroissien* (or *A Rum Kind of Parishioner*) has been wittily titled in English *Heaven Sent*—and that, as far as I am concerned, is just what this naughty little comedy is.

To the eminently aristocratic Lachesnaye family, "work" is just a four-letter word—and "life" these days, when tailors, tradesmen and landlords have the infernal impudence to expect bills to be paid, is in a fair way to become just another. They have done their best to get by—the young ladies of the family engaging in a little discreet street-walking, the older members pinching food from their despised in-laws in the grocery trade—but what's to

be done when, every saleable asset sold, they are threatened with unavoidable eviction?

Georges Lachesnaye (the divine Bourvil), the eldest son, a devout Christian, goes to the nearest church to ask the Almighty for guidance. No sooner is his prayer for help spoken than it is answered—by the clink of coins in an offertory box. Of course! Is not the money intended for the poor of the parish—and are not the Lachesnayes poor (if undeserving) parishioners?

Georges makes an intensive study of the methods of extracting money from collection boxes, masters the sticky-sweet-on-a-string (for coins) and the tiny tweezers (for folding money) techniques, and regularly makes the round of the Paris churches, from Notre-Dame to the humblest, thriftily noting which of the saints have the most generous supplicants. (M. Mocky, I observed, didn't let Georges sponge on St. Jude, patron saint of hopeless cases and lost causes: this I thought very sweet of him. Or perhaps he is, in spite of everything, a mite superstitious himself?)

While the Lachesnayes again enjoy the luxury to which they were long ago accustomed, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are feeling the pinch. The police, headed by adorable M. Francis Blanche, are called in to investigate the cause of diminishing funds. It's a riot!

Carry on Spying is a blithe send-up of the James Bond films, with Miss Judith Furse giving a superb performance as Dr. Crow, master-mind of S.T.E.N.C.H. (Society for the Total Extinction of Non-Conforming Humans.) It's all as merry as a grig.

on books

Oliver Warner / The spell of Italy

Does Doctor Luigi Barzini really know everything about Italy, and half-a-dozen other countries as well? It is tempting to believe so, after reading **The Italians** (Hamish Hamilton 30s.) which is one of the best books of its kind now in print. It is written, by some miracle, in English prose as supple and richly cadenced as Norman Douglas at his ripest. Of his Italy the author says: "It made and still makes unwanted people feel wanted, unimportant people feel important, and purposeless people believe that the real way to live intelligently is to have no earnest purpose in life." Again: "In Italy a man is never alone with his thoughts, he always feels himself immersed in humanity, everything around him is clear and open." I do not think any book could better fortify an existing love, or better promote an understanding of a land to which most Englishmen have the sense to be attracted. One opens it anywhere and is charmed, persuaded, informed and reassured, for it is critical as well as interpretative, and the criticism has the truth and sting of inside knowledge.

If you are holidaying at home, Ronald Hamilton's **Now I Remember: a Holiday History of Britain** (Chatto and Windus 21s.) will be sheer gain. It reminds one, in the most tact-

ful way, of the leading facts of every period, and has summaries of reigns and kings, e.g., Richard II: "a puzzle: courageous, luxurious (he invented the handkerchief!), foolish, immoderate in power, cheerful in surrender — unstable." Moreover, there is the most un-hackneyed selection of photographs of *objets d'art*, buildings and portraits that one could hope for, and the line drawings by M. T. Ritchie are excellent. If this reads like an advertising blurb I can't help it, because this work is exactly what most people will enjoy. I am only sorry the author repeats the popular fancy that George III said he gloried in the name of "Briton." "Britain" was the word he wrote in the speech that one may still read at the British Museum.

A sumptuous work is **Bruges: the Cradle of Flemish Painting** by Francis Cali (Allen and Unwin 42s.). This is the town and its treasures displayed with scholarship and thoroughly backed by colour and monochrome illustrations. The pictures are astonishing; they remind one of the sheer wealth there is in this old town. The way in which the author has blended place and paintings is something of a feat. I have known Bruges many years, but I suspect that those who know it far better than I will dis-

cover much that is new and even surprising. It could be described as a dialogue between the city and its art.

Valparaiso is the first "straight" novel by F. R. E. Nicolas (Gollancz 18s.). Mr. Nicolas is an author who writes acceptable thrillers under the name Nicolas Freeling. The background is the delectable isle of Porquerolles, not far from Toulon, a scene which Conrad made his own in *The Rover*. There are other Conradian echoes, notably in the final scene where the hero goes down at sea. The story itself, which is short and convincing, concerns the affairs of a young fellow who lives aboard his yacht and is in every respect contemporary. His unrealized dream, of sailing single-handed to Valparaiso, gives the book

its title. I can best sum up by saying that it is exciting without being sordid or depressing, and though it has a sad ending, it is not a sad book.

Briefly... **Elsinore, Krønborg Castle, the Sound: the town, the fortress-palace and the famous stretch of water at the entrance to the Baltic**—it is this northern aspect of *Hamlet* which Martin Holmes bids the thoughtful consider in **The Guns of Elsinore** (Chatto and Windus 21s.). This is described as a new approach to the play. It is full of fresh ideas, learned but not dry... **Metternich, the Passionate Diplomat**, by Barbara Cartland (Hutchinson 25s.) is perhaps not dry enough, for the author has jettisoned much of Metternich the diplomatist-politician in favour of Metternich the lover.



Samy Frey and Catherine Deneuve are filming *La Costanza della Ragione*, from the novel by Vasco Pratolini, on location in Florence

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Lighting new fires

It is fashionable to decry the works of Mingus, whom I would like to see dubbed "Charles the Great" in jazz. Music and people are Charles's biggest challenge, and both are met in the most unexpected way. A session recorded on two dates in 1963 is perpetuated as **Mingus, Mingus, Mingus** (HMV), and has opening titles which look more like the entries on a pool form than jazz pieces. The ten-piece group he uses, and the sound it produces, is that of a big band with soloists imposed, but he prefers to call it one of his small groups. The proof is in Mingus's version of Ellington's *Mood Indigo*, where he carries the brunt of the melody in his bass line, which I have for years attempted to do on the piano without success.

Charles Mingus boasts a probing wit, which no musician would deny. He backs it with a depth of feeling for the music that came before, both in his subtle understanding of the Ellington form of composition, and in his slightly sombre elegant *Theme for Lester Young*. I like the idea that Mingus is putting back into jazz the fire which went out of it when Dixieland lost its vital improvisation message, and became a genial boogie background to conversation.

Anita O'Day claims **Incomparable** for her latest album (Verve), and in two breaths and eight bars restores the confidence I found slightly waning in her ability to master the conventional do-re-mi of singing. I have never doubted her

ability to swing, and Bill Holman's accompaniment never holds her back, but the themes she has chosen are not the easiest. The *pièce de résistance* is her version of Richard Rogers' *Slaughter on 10th Avenue*, but she loses neither heart nor faith with her enticing performance of *The Party's Over* and *Speak Low*. Anita's session never departs from being anything but a swinging excursion into perfectly chosen themes.

When I first heard the highly aggressive line taken by pianist Andrew Hill and tenorist Joe Henderson in **Black Fire** (Blue Note), I suspected there were new ideas. In fact the session is rich on two counts — the extension of rhythmic patterns which have been explored by Coltrane and Coleman: more positively by the tenor/piano duets that Thelonious Monk has established as a nodal blues form, adaptable to almost any chord pattern. The impressive tenor

line Joe takes in *Black Fire* has the same approach, often better executed. Hill's piano excites me in its direct borrowing from three sources, Monk, Ellington, Powell, without ever sounding like any of them. He will assuredly live to play when most of the others have gone. Richard Davis's bass work in this session is also something to remember.

The strongest British born jazzman now practising his art in the United States is Victor Feldman, who has always turned his early interest in drumming towards the Afro-Cuban rhythms. In **Latinsville** (Vogue-Contemporary) he concentrates on the vibraphone, and allows a professional Latin-bred group to conduct the rhythm department. Everything goes to plan, but the music sounds almost as dry as that made by George Shearing, his Anglo-American predecessor to the claim of being Top British born jazzman — isn't this where I came in?

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Doing a Gauguin

Looking in at the Roland, Browse & Delbanco Gallery last week I was dazzled by a wonderful, radiant-coloured painting by Philip Sutton. Called *Caryl in the studio*, it was of special interest to me because I had seen the beginnings of it about 18 months ago in the studio-room the artist had taken in Chelsea, just across the river from his crowded little house in Battersea. When I arrived he had just finished a short first session on the picture and there was not much to show on the canvas. But the model, Caryl, was still there, dressed in a long, flower-patterned dress that might have belonged to her grandmother, and the setting that Sutton had arranged for her—an old, flower-patterned curtain backdrop and a flower-patterned bedspread on the floor—was still intact.

I knew from previous experience that Sutton loved to dress his models in old-fashioned clothes (even his

nudes wear enormous feathered or flowered hats) and arrange complicated backgrounds from a curious collection of colourful studio "props," but this time I thought that he had gone too far. Not even Matisse, it seemed, could extract formal order from that flowered chaos. So why should Sutton deliberately set himself the task?

The answer, a complete one, is in the finished picture, in which the creased dress, the tired curtain and the crumpled bedspread have been transformed and organized into a physically exciting pattern of luminous colour.

I remember being surprised when Sutton told me that he can never work on a painting unless the model (or the subject) is there in front of him. It seems strange that a picture like *Caryl in the studio*, which is so largely a work of imagination should have been painted in this way. It seems strange too (or perhaps it isn't) that an artist with so much light and

colour inside him should go all the way to the South Seas to find more.

Sutton went to the Fiji Islands just about a year ago. "Doing a Gauguin" we called it then. But, unlike the great French escapist, he took his wife and four small children with him. Soon he will be coming back and the many admirers of his work can hardly wait for the exhibition, at Roland, Browse & Delbanco, at which we shall see what effect the tropical light and scene have had on his already exotic sense of colour.

Some of the more favoured of us have been receiving regular bulletins in the form of illustrated airmail letters that give tantalizing glimpses of what we may expect. The latest of these delightful things to drop through my letterbox is decorated with an elaborate drawing in coloured chalks of green palms, red and yellow houses, blue sea and still bluer distant island. The letter says: "If you should hear of a studio going in London at the end of October—I shall be looking for one. It should be fun to do some nudes after all this greenery."

In earlier letters, each with its own decoration taking most

of the writing space, he had chatted about the weather ("it's 93 in the shade"), the children ("we have had a terrible battle with spots"), the bathing ("the sea is really warm, and bright green and blue little fishes dart about") and, of course, his work: "The walls of our wooden house are covered with small (3 ins. x 3 ins.), middle-size and large (45 ins. x 45 ins.) paintings—sea shells, portraits, landscapes and flower paintings. . . . Last week I started some woodcuts, now I am waiting for more plywood. It's strange what you can get on a Pacific island but it takes ages."

In the first letter he wrote: "I don't think being here will affect the painting directly too much. I take the shapes of things—trees, flowers, clouds—from where I am, but that's about all. I am doing a lot of painting but not so different from Battersea. HERE is different but I am the same." But already in the second he was saying: "You must come and see the new paintings when we return to Battersea at the end of October, 1964. I expect they will look as strange there as they look 'normal' here."

I shall certainly be there, waiting on the doorstep.

DINING IN

Helen Burke / I gotta grouse

Of all the birds, game or otherwise, the grouse is probably the most controversial not only as to the temperature and time of cooking but also how soon after shooting it should be eaten. In his *Guide to Modern Cookery*, Escoffier has little to say about grouse. He lists this king of birds with hazel-hens, prairie hens, black game, ptarmigan and gangas (a species of hazel-hen). He says: "These birds, one or two of which, such as grouse and the hazel-hen, are of incomparable delicacy and high culinary value, are mostly served roasted."

"Mousses, mousselines, and salmis are also prepared from them. . . . But I must remind the reader that, when they are served in the preparation of a salmis, their skins and legs, which are bitter, must be discarded. All these birds must be treated while still very fresh."

I have quoted these paragraphs for the sake of the last sentence. As far as I am concerned Escoffier, the chef, can do no wrong and I go along with

him as to the freshness of the grouse.

There are others, however, who would not agree, so I had a talk on the subject with Mr. Hall of Harrods, who has been in the game business for a long time, and here are some of his observations: a freshly shot grouse is in fine condition, though grouse can also hang. But—and this is important—grouse do not hang well at the beginning of the season. For one thing, the birds are too young to have developed any fat and, for another, the weather at this time is usually warm. He thinks that two to three days' hanging is quite enough. As the season advances and frost comes, the birds can hang for a much longer time. Indeed, he has kept grouse in perfect condition for a month. So let the weather be your guide—that and your palate.

If you deal with a reliable poulterer, it is hardly likely that you will be served with a grouse with rounded wingtips and a tough beak, which are

sure indications of old age.

When it comes to cooking grouse one is even more circumscribed, for here is where so many authorities differ. Some say that 15 to 18 minutes roasting in a very hot oven is long enough; others suggest 20 to 25 minutes, while others still give as long as 35 minutes. It seems to me that this last time would result in the bird being so overdone and dry that no one would enjoy it. If your oven is really hot, give the grouse 15 to 18 minutes—unless you have a guest who likes it gory. In this case, less than 15 minutes would suffice.

Chefs always tie a largish thin strip of fresh back pork fat around the breast of grouse, giving the birds 10 minutes at a very high heat (450 to 475 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8 to 9) and then remove the fat and leave the bird just long enough for the breast to colour a little. The grouse is then served on buttered toast or on bread fried in butter. After many years I have dispensed with this pork fat. Instead I dab a good ounce piece of butter in salt and freshly milled pepper, pop it into the breast and roast it, breast down, hoping that the butter will soak into the breast.

Nowadays, I spit-roast grouse on my Cannon spit, which is ideal for game. One should first

turn the heat full on for 3 minutes. Fix the bird securely in the centre of the metal rod. Spread it all over with softened butter and let it have about 5 minutes at high heat. Lower the heat to No. 3 and finish the spit-roasting. For some tastes, 25 minutes in all will be enough; others prefer 30 minutes or even longer.

For a thin and delicious gravy, spoon off any excess fat if you have used fat pork. Add to the baking tin $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter per bird, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of chicken stock (made from a chicken cube and water, if liked). Rub it around to release the residue in the tin and boil up. I like to add a teaspoon of Amontillado sherry with the stock. Pass this separately.

A grilled young grouse can be the tastiest of all—but be sure that it is young. Allow $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 bird per person. Cut it down the backbone, flatten it out and secure it with metal skewers. Brush the cut surface with barely melted butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Grill it until golden then turn, brush the skin side with butter and grill again. The grouse should be ready in under 20 minutes. Serve the grouse on buttered roast with a generous piece of *maitre d'hôtel* butter popped on each portion at the last minute.

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David Morton / Hitting the headlines

MAN'S WORLD

Lurking in London's West End between noon and 12.30, I conclude that only about 12 per cent of the men in London wear hats. The rest, it would appear, are confident that they can get ahead very nicely without one. But on general appearance, the hatted ones are in the lead—they look more *completely* dressed. I don't know what happened to the old rule against wearing a bowler after Goodwood week, when one switched to a trilby; it seems to be forgotten. And on a hot day, a bowler, however light in weight, seems a strange article to put on one's head. The most comfortable hat to wear in the sun must be the panama. Simpsons in Piccadilly are selling them for 50s. and the wearers, few though they are, look cool, elegant and vaguely prosperous. Second for summer comfort comes the boater, 39s. 6d. at the same store. Mods seem to think they're just the thing to wear on a scooter, but I shouldn't think they offer much protection in a pile-up or a punch-up. I saw some lightweight straws in partnership with lightweight suits, and light cotton hats, such as the linen ones sold by Gieves, are a cool alternative. The prize for the most individualistic hat must go to Herbert Johnson, who sell very *recherché* boating hats in cotton, with a peak. They have a look of Czarist Russia to me; the sort of hat one would expect to see at a Black Sea resort.

The United States is having quite an effect on men's hat styles in Britain. Not just those rather nice Dobbs hats, with their whiff of Madison Avenue, or the Frank Sinatra-style straws with a bandanna band. Presidents, it seems, can influence fashion considerably faster than they can push a bill through Congress. Or so it seems, looking at Scotts' windows on the corner of Old Bond Street and Piccadilly. They are selling LBJ hats, named after guess who. Hatters in the U.S.A. are jubilant: "Three letters of pure gold . . . now is the time to get on the bandwagon." Soon, I suppose,

those same hatters will be on the Goldwater bandwagon, selling lead hats against fallout. But until then, the LBJ hat is in power. It has a centre crease, a pinched crown and a softly curving brim, and is classically coloured a pale desert sand. Ten gallon hats? I'm not sure about the liquid capacity of Scotts' LBJ hats; I didn't have the nerve to ask. At a guess, I'd say they would hold about a quart in the crown, and perhaps half-a-pint in the brim. But not at the same time.

The transatlantic hat traffic isn't one way. Field Marshal Montgomery's war-time beret has been adopted over there, but it's shown with only one badge. And a rather ambiguous badge at that. Observers suggest that the beret's success may be due to all the news pictures of U.N. troops wearing them, rather than to the Field Marshal.

Looking ahead to the winter, what's likely to be worn? Bowlers and trilbys, certainly, and cossack hats. So many cossacks were bought last year, and men aren't going to throw them away after just one season; besides, they're warm and smart and comfortable. I think there will be a fresh impetus for 'Enry 'Ig'ins' hats, as worn by Rex Harrison. *My Fair Lady* is going to show up in a filmed version next year, and I think these adaptable tweed hats will grow in popularity. There may even be a combination of this style with astrakhan. Leather and suede hats will add to their present popularity. The makers of Hush Puppy shoes make breathing brushed pigskin hats in America, so perhaps we shall see these on the British market soon.

For winter sports and open-car driving, knitted caps will march on. The simple knitted band is still invaluable to skiers. And for those who want something sinister enough to frighten away a traffic warden, I suggest following the example of a Mercedes driver who wore a Peruvian helmet to cover the whole head, with slits for eyes, nose and mouth.

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A fascinating feature of the American car is its gliding movement and tremendous powers of acceleration. The Ford Galaxie has these attributes; it is built in Canada and handled by Lincoln Cars of Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex, who tell me that demand for the Galaxie on this side of the Atlantic has never been so brisk.

When one gets used to the length (17 ft. 6 ins.) and width (6 ft. 8 ins.), handling presents no great problem, though you have to choose parking spaces

model costs £2,114 10s. 5d., but this includes power-assisted steering and brakes, and white-sided tyres. In the same range is a convertible with power operated top at £2,243 16s. 2d. and a nine-passenger estate car with electrically operated tail-gate window at £2,371 1s.

In the actual shape of body there is nothing to choose between the six- and the eight-cylinder models. The bonnet and tail are both long and sleek, making the roof-line look lower than it really is (4 ft. 8½ ins.). Inside, there is more than five

ing, and one of my passengers armed herself with seasick tablets but, surprisingly, there was no need for fear and, on some of the modern twin track roads, we exceeded 100 m.p.h. with no more movement from the suspension than one would get on a more firmly sprung European car.

With power servo the brakes were unusually potent, and too much pressure on the pedal at low speeds brought about some abrupt stops till I learned the knack. Fords adhere to the drum type brake, and use

think it entirely an unmixed blessing. At high speeds one has to guard very carefully against inadvertent movement of the steering wheel, which can alter the course of the car with disconcerting rapidity. The perfect compromise would be for the power assistance to operate only when some effort were needed to steer the car round a bend or corner, remaining out of action on a straight-ahead run.

The interior of the Galaxie is very comfortable, with the proviso that a centre armrest

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with care. But, if you want to carry a total load of six, with baggage, the Galaxie's dimensions make everyone happy. Naturally, a car of this size and weight (33 cwt.) is more expensive to run than the average British family saloon. An engine of considerable capacity is needed, and a choice of a six-cylinder 195 b.h.p. unit or an eight-cylinder of 300 b.h.p. is given to buyers in this country. With the former, and inclusive of automatic transmission, the tax-paid price for the saloon is £1,934 13s. 3d. The larger engined

feet of shoulder and hip width, and lots of leg room in the back compartment. The doors are somewhat heavy and quite an effort is required to close them when the car is standing on a downslope, but this is true of almost any large car (and no doubt hydraulics will sooner or later be applied to ease the load).

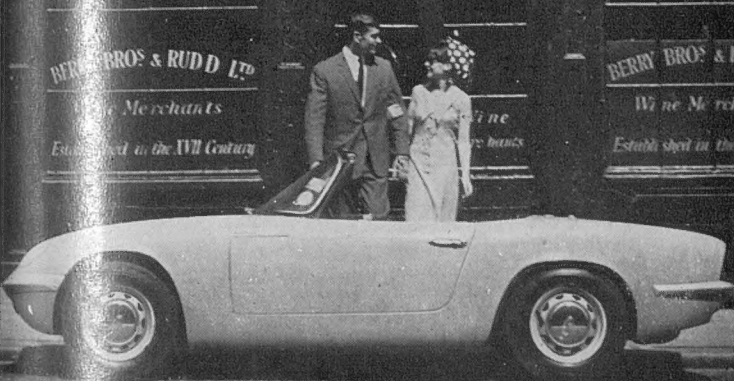
In the American tradition, the suspension of the Galaxie is on the soft side, though exports are fitted with heavy duty springs. I imagined there would be a good deal of bounc-

ing, and one of my passengers armed herself with seasick tablets but, surprisingly, there was no need for fear and, on some of the modern twin track roads, we exceeded 100 m.p.h. with no more movement from the suspension than one would get on a more firmly sprung European car.

With power servo the brakes were unusually potent, and too much pressure on the pedal at low speeds brought about some abrupt stops till I learned the knack. Fords adhere to the drum type brake, and use

in the wide seats would help a solitary passenger to keep steady on a twisting road. There are, however, side armrests on the doors. Equipment is comprehensive and includes heating and ventilation, reversing lights, illumination to the luggage boot and an electric clock and cigar lighter. Radio is optional, at £39 17s. 6d. extra, and a very fine set it is, with push button control and magnificent tone. This is certainly the kind of car that a hard-driving, long-distance motorist would find most satisfying.

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